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MINING REVIEW.

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THE OUTCAST.

BY REQUEST.

Of all the trades e'er tyranny devised,
The most laborious and the most despised;
Of all the lives of infamy and pain,
That wretches suffer for the lust of gain;
Of all that mortals bear for passion's sake,
Or want impels mankind to undertake—
To our unhappy sisterhood alone,
No hope, no interval of ease is known;
We change forever, but what e'er our lot,
We still from happiness are far remote.
Behold the picture from the brightest side,
When love is flowing in a golden tide;
When decked in glitter, elegance and show,
And all around us pleasure seems to grow;
While we indulge—ere yet our season flies,
In every luxury that life supplies;
They know but little who infer from this
That prostitution is a life of bliss.
The gaudy bangles and the gay attire
Are but the badges of a slave to hire;
The smile that pleases is the smile of art
To hide the anguish of a aching heart;
And all our seeming gaiety of soul,
Flows from the vapors of a maddening bowl;
Our sole alternatives, so cursed we are,
Are but intoxication and despair.
The slave who digs, or at the anvil grows,
Retires securely to his night's repose;
But in uncertainty our rest we take,
By noon we slumber and by night we wake.
Although I stretch me on a bed of down,
The couch of lewdness is not all my own.
I'm forced to share it, so severe my fate,
Not with the man I love but him I hate.
The fond desire that sparkles in my eyes,
Is but to flatter him whom I despise.
With fond affection in my arms I fold,
The wretch I shudder only to behold.
Not to the brave, the generous and kind,
Are my contaminating charms confined.
Submissive still to every lecher's call,
Enjoyed, insulted and contemned by all.
Now to the feeble arms of graceless ease,
And now subjected to the ruffian's rage,
The madman's fury, howsoever unjust,
The drunkard's humors and the whims of
lust;
And even his cruel appetites to please,
Who brings destruction, horrors and disease.
If e'er the blooming prostitute must live,
With all that wealth can buy or beauty give,
If thus unhappy her most splendid state,
How much more gloomy is her humbler fate?
The many evils she sustained before
She feels more keenly, and a thousand more.
Of fickle fortune all the world complain,
But what so fleeting as the trampet's reign?
By quick descent the fairest minion falls
From gilded canopies to clay built walls;
In swift succession is the victim laid
From silken sofas to the trampled bed;
Her limbs, that rich brocades were wont to
wear,
A rag scarce covers from the inclement air,
And she, who never felt the wind to blow,
Scarcely finds a shelter from the frost and snow.
The generous wines, the viands rich and rare,
Are changed for hunger, or the coarsest fare;
Disease has stole the luster from her eye,
Her beauty withers and her roses die;
In constant agonies she melts away,
And sinks beneath a premature decay.
Of her no watchful providence takes care—
No hope supports—no God accepts her prayer
No eye to shed the sympathizing tear—
No helping hand—no kind consoler near—
In all the agonies of death she lies,
Alone, unpitied, and unfriended—dies.
Her guilty soul quits her in dismay,
And vengeful demons seize it as their prey.

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

The Story as Told by a Participant—
How an Englishman Passed the
Rebel Lines—A Perilous Under-
taking and Its Result—The Luck-
now of To-Day.

[Correspondence of New York Times.]

About twenty-two years ago the name of Lucknow was well known throughout the civilized world, and no habitual reader of the newspapers was likely to plead ignorance of the capital of the Kingdom of Oude. Its history was written in blood, and the narrative of the siege and relief of Lucknow was a narrative that thrilled the hearts of all English-speaking and English-reading people, and to-day the visitor to Lucknow, whatever his nationality, is eager to visit the Residency and its hallowed ground; the palaces, temples and mosques that mark the earlier history of the city are of minor consequence, and only when the Residency has been carefully studied does the stranger turn his eyes toward the monuments of barbaric wealth and power. The Residency remains nearly in the condition in which it was found at the final capture of the city, when the British power was restored in the Kingdom of Oude and the rebel strength was broken. Moss-grown and ivy-twined walls are there, and shattered towers rise like a beacon above the tree-tops, as it rose when watchful eyes looked for the relief that came at last along the Cawnpore road. An artificial mound supports the monument to the memory of

Sir Henry Lawrence, who fell during the siege, and there are gravel roads and paths through the siffrubbery among the plots of grass. Small columns of brick mark the positions of the various batteries by which the approaches were defended, and a neat fence incloses the cemetery where the dead of the memorable defense lie buried. With these and a few other changes, the grounds remain much as they were in 1858, when Sir Colin Campbell retook the city and hoisted the British colors, amid the cheers of his gallant little army.

In two days' stay in Lucknow I have paid three visits to the Residency and regret that my limited time prevents another and another. My third visit was made with an American and a Briton, the former being Rev. Mr. Craven of Chicago, who is now settled here as a missionary, and the latter Mr. T. Henry Kavanagh of Lucknow. Mr. Kavanagh was in the Residency during the siege, and his intelligent guidance was very great assistance in giving me a clear understanding of the memorable events of Lucknow twenty years ago. And while we were examining the ground and gazing on the scarred and broken walls, the music of a military band was audible in the distance. Nearer and nearer came the band, and louder grew the sounds. At length an English regiment derouched on the iron bridge which crosses the Goomtee, and came on and on till it passed along the road that skirts the Presidency grounds. "Let us go down to the road and see it," said Mr. Kavanagh, and we went at once. As the regiment moved steadily forward the veteran's eyes fairly beamed with delight, and the blood rose to his face. He is a robust and well preserved man of fifty or more, with a snowy mustache and whisker, and especially snowy hair. Except when warmed by excitement his face is pale, but by no means thin. When the soldiers were marching past he grew younger by ten years, and as the end of the column went by our position, he said it seemed as if they were coming to the relief of Lucknow, and their presence carried him back to the days of the siege.

It was this man who passed through the rebel lines on the night when Sir Colin Campbell advanced to the relief of Lucknow, and it was he that showed the advancing army its way. After we had finished the examination of the grounds, we sat down in the shadow of Sir Henry Lawrence's monument, and, at my request, Mr. Kavanagh told the story of his exploit.

The rebellion broke out in the early part of 1857, and by June of that year the English were acting quite on the defensive. Sir Henry Lawrence had thoughtfully gathered large quantities of ammunition and provisions in the Residency buildings, and when the English went there they were well provided in everything except the numbers necessary to a defense. The original strength of the garrison was 1,692, consisting of 927 Europeans and 765 natives. There were about 200 women and children, some of them the families of the defenders and others being fugitives from various parts of the province. The distance around the Residency is more than a mile, a long distance to hold against a large besieging force. The siege properly began on the 30th of June and ended on the 25th of September, when Sir Henry Havelock and Sir James Outram arrived. They added to the garrison and gave a feeling of security in the strength of the position, but in one sense their mission was a failure. They were to relieve the garrison and escort it to Cawnpore, but they suffered so terribly in cutting their way through the investing lines that it was considered injudicious to make the attempt. So they remained, and as they brought nothing with them they drew heavily on the stock of provisions. The whole garrison was reduced to quarter rations, and relief was anxiously awaited.

In the latter part of November, Sir Colin Campbell advanced from Cawnpore in the direction of Lucknow, and word was sent to the garrison by a native spy. Knowing how severely Havelock had suffered in his advance, those who understood the situation feared the same fate for Sir Colin Campbell's army. Mr. Kavanagh said that the subject was constantly in his mind, and he became convinced that some one who could give intelli-

gent information must go out and meet the advancing army.

"I went," said he, "to Colonel Napier, whom I had known for twenty years, and stated my views. He agreed with me, but did not see how it could be done. He said it would be certain death to any European who undertook it, and no native could be trusted or could give the proper instruction to General Campbell. I told him I would go, but he laughed at the idea, and said I could never make up as a native. I thought I could, and asked him to take me to General Outram."

"He took me to General Outram," continued Mr. Kavanagh "and the General was of Colonel Napier's opinion. But I saw he was willing I should go if I would, though he would not give me his sanction, nor would he ask me. He said if any one went it must be an unmarried man, and as I had a wife and children I had better drop the idea. I told him my life was endangered every hour, and if I went out and was killed it would, perhaps, only hasten the event. If I succeeded I should save many lives, perhaps those of all in the Residency, and certainly those of many of the relieving force. I shall go, and I leave my family to the care of the British nation."

"Then I went and borrowed native garments, only one in each place, to avoid suspicion, and in the evening I took my bundle to the house of a man I could trust. There I dressed myself, and my friend blackened my face, beard and hands—all parts not covered by my dress—with oil and burnt cork. Then I went to the officer's mess, entered with my shoes on, and sat down uninvited, very rude things for a native to do. The officers commented in English on my impudence, and asked in Hindostanee what I wanted. I replied in the same language that I wanted to see Colonel Napier."

"He was called, and I talked to him in Hindostanee, pretending to be a spy from a friendly Rajah outside. Then I asked for General Outram, and Colonel Napier went to call him. When General Outram came I talked with him in the native language, and then said in English that I thought my disguise would answer, as neither he nor Napier had recognized me."

"Why, it's Kavanagh!" they both said together. They agreed it was a good disguise, and at my request General Outram wrote a letter to General Campbell, telling who I was. I hid it in my turban, and at 11 o'clock I started, in company with a native spy."

The pair had various adventures. They forded the river near the Residency, re-crossed it by the iron bridge, and entered the city. They were stopped at the head of the bridge by a native officer, who questioned them rather closely. Kavanagh did the talking, as his companion was greatly frightened, and his plausible story carried them through. In the city the native was for taking the back alleys and by-ways, but Kavanagh insisted that the middle of the widest street was the safest. He carried his point and it proved to be correct. They fell upon a native picket and entered a house which was close to a camp; they roused a woman who set them right, and told in a garrulous way, which they encouraged, all about the soldiers in the vicinity. Again they were lost, and floundered in a marsh, where Kavanagh carried his clothes and other things on his head and supported his companion, who could not swim. Morning was approaching, the moon was up, and he discovered that much of the blacking was washed from his face, while his hands were nearly as white as before he colored them. He was almost exhausted, he had injured his foot severely and half his clothing was wet. But on he must press to meet the advancing column, and he knew not how far he must go.

An hour before daybreak they met villagers fleeing with what property they could carry, and the spies learned to their great but carefully-concealed joy that the English were only three miles away. As day dawned they reached one of the outposts, and just as the sun rose Mr.

Kavanagh, his face streaked and spotted like the skin of a coach dog, was at the entrance of General Campbell's tent. The old fellow gruffly demanded who he was and what he wanted.

"My name is Kavanagh," was the reply; "I left the Residency last night, and here is a letter from General Outram."

The General stood for a moment astonished, and then he drew the counterfeit native inside his tent and treated him with the tenderness of a child. At Kavanagh's request he was given a bed, but he was so overcome by his emotions that he could not sleep, and after tossing uneasily for an hour or more he rose and got down to breakfast with General Campbell. "I had a ravenous appetite," said he, "and they had so many good things that I could not retain my astonishment. 'Marmalade,' I said; 'have you real marmalade? Where did you get your eggs, and potted meats? What a luxury!' I went on in this way while the General was asking about the Residency, and the rebels, and the road to Lucknow, and altogether the story was a fragmentary one. Afterward we went over it better, and the General made his plans."

"Officers and men wanted to see me, and I asked if I could take a stroll through the camp. 'Not without me,' said Sir Colin; 'the officers will ask all sorts of questions and then each will make his plan for the relief of Lucknow. I propose to do my own planning, and when you go through the camp you go with me so that nobody can talk to you.' With this arrangement we went through the camp and satisfied their curiosity to see me."

"When I left the Residency it was arranged that my wife should know nothing of my departure till it was certain that I had succeeded or was dead. Three miles out on the Cawnpore road was Alumbagh, a fortified garden, where Havelock left his heavy baggage with a guard of 100 men. There was a temporary telegraph to communicate with the Residency, and I arranged to call at the Alumbagh and have them telegraph my arrival. But I found it was so closely invested that I could not get in, and so I met Sir Colin."

"When I told him about it he instantly ordered a battalion of cavalry to cut their way into Alumbagh and telegraph that Kavanagh was safe. All the morning they had been asking from the Residency, 'Has Kavanagh arrived?' The answers were unintelligible, as they knew nothing about Kavanagh. General Outram and Colonel Napier feared that I had been killed, and so did the other officers who knew of my departure. All were terribly excited, and when about 11 o'clock the samophone at the Alumbagh spelled out 'Kavanagh reached Sir Colin safely,' those strong fellows cried like children, and hugged each other in their joy. One of them ran to tell my wife, and she rubbed her eyes in astonishment, for she supposed all the time that I was on duty in the trenches. When she knew the story she sat down and cried too."

As he reached this point of his story the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice choked. His two listeners were also moist about the eyelids, and did not venture to speak. While one essayed to scratch with his cane a diagram in the few grains of sand on the stone step of the monument, the other counted again and again the links of his watch-chain, and couldn't make them come out twice alike. Then Mr. Kavanagh told the story of the relief, of the capture of the various rebel positions, the meeting of Generals Havelock and Outram with Sir John Campbell, the terrible revenge of the British troops upon the Sepoys, the retirement by night to Cawnpore, and the return of the army in the following Spring. And then, with a hearty hand-shake, he bade me farewell, mounted his horse—which a native groom had been holding in the road hard by—and galloped away toward the city. This was the man who ventured through the closely drawn lines of 50,000 rebels, where discovery would have been death and quite possibly death by torture. Well did he merit the Victoria cross which he received, and well did he merit the gratitude of the nation and the high respect which is accorded by all who know him.

Since the mutiny Lucknow has changed greatly. Formerly the space

around the Residency was covered with houses that afforded shelter to the rebels. All of these have been pulled down and the ground is thickly covered with trees, so that it is not at all easy to trace the rebel positions nor the routes of advance. Many of the palaces have disappeared, and those that remain are converted to other than royal and princely uses. The King of Oude is a State prisoner at Calcutta and the glory of his capital is gone. There are many traces of the former splendor, and a volume might be written in a detailed description of the temples, palaces and piles of stupendous that still exist. The English are determined not to be caught by another mutiny. A strong garrison is always maintained here, and one of the palaces is plentifully stored with the material of war. Two lines of railway connect Lucknow with the great trunk line, one joining at Cawnpore and the other at Benares. Another line extends away to the northward, and, altogether, there is plenty of communication with the rest of Lucknow.

Ought to Have Been an Editor.

The man who knows how to run a newspaper came into the *Derriek* office yesterday. He sat down in the best chair, pulled all the exchanges into his lap, and began criticism:

"I ought to have been an editor, just to show you fellows how easy it is to run a newspaper. Why don't you pitch into the City Council? People want some kind of excitement. Give the police thunder for not attending to their own business, it will wake the people up. Caesar! wouldn't I make it hot for 'em if I had anything to do with a paper?"

"Suppose you run this office for two hours to suit yourself."

"All right, just let me do it. I'll show you the hottest article you ever saw. Give me the pencil."

We left him sitting in the editorial chair, working for dear life. On the stairs we met Sim Jones, a driller from Alamagoozium.

"Where's the editor?" he asked.

"Up stairs, at his desk," was the reply.

Jones had blood in his eyes, and he bounded up two steps at a time, while we waited at the foot of the stairs for further developments. In about two minutes we saw the dictionary fly out of the upper window, and then there was a sound as of a chair being smashed, followed by loud yells, and the would-be editor came rolling down the stairs.

"What's your hurry?" we asked as he flew past us. "Sit down and tell how to run a newspaper," we continued, as he struck the sidewalk. But he never stopped. He just flew across the sidewalk and fell on his back in the gutter. Such a sight! His nose was knocked crosswise, and one eye was as black as a thundercloud, his hair stood on the ends, his coat was ripped down the back and one sleeve torn out.

Jones was coming down the stairs, and the would-be editor jumped and ran up the railroad with Jones at his heels, yelling at every jump he took:

"I ain't the editor, he hasn't returned."

We fear his youthful dream of running a newspaper has been nipped in the bud by the frost of adverse circumstances.

Bridging the English Channel.

[From the New York Tribune.]

The French engineer, M. Verard de Saint-Anne, who has devised a scheme for constructing a viaduct across the Straits of Dover, will soon go to England with the view of enlisting the aid of capitalists. He estimates the costs at about \$60,000,000, but his figures are undoubtedly too low. He proposes that his viaduct shall be high enough for the largest ships to pass under, and the span long enough not to endanger the safety of sailing ships beating up or down channel. Every pier of the viaduct will have to be much stronger than the Eddystone Lighthouse, because it will necessarily be much higher, and broader at the base and top, so as to secure the double object of allowing ships to pass underneath, and enabling a super-structure substantial enough to bear the weight of a railway train to be built upon them.

Nero, Pompey and Caesar are common names for dogs, but wouldn't Agrippa be more appropriate?

Too Clever to Live.

John Barretier is declared to have been master of five languages when he was only 9 years of age. In his eleventh year he published a learned letter in Latin, and translated the "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin" from the Hebrew into the French. Four years later the fame of his learning and writings attracted the notice of the King of Prussia, who sent for him to court. When passing through Halle on his journey, he so distinguished himself in his conversation with the Professors of the university that they offered him the degree of Doctor in Philosophy. The whole university was delighted and amazed with his wit and knowledge, and on his arrival at Berlin the King honored him with peculiar marks of distinction, declaring that such abilities properly cultivated might exalt Barretier in ten years to be the greatest Minister of State in Europe. But the young philosopher was not dazzled by his prospects, and returned to Halle to pursue his studies. His health unfortunately gave way in his nineteenth year, and after lingering for eighteen months he died; another illustration of the expression, "too clever to live long."

Colliery mules sometimes live many years without seeing daylight, as they are only taken out of the mines when work is entirely suspended. The mules are used in hauling cars of coal from the various parts of the mine to the foot or the slope of the shaft from where it is hoisted to the surface by steam. The mules go to work with the miners and continue until evening. They are stabled in the mine and are carefully attended to. Strange to say, the coats of mules working in collieries are singularly smooth and glossy and miners attribute it to the coal dust that settles on the hair and polishes it. The lead mule in a team always carries a miner's lamp attached to his collar, but miners say that the lamp is unnecessary, as the mules never get off the track in the dark. In some places where it is not convenient to haul the cars mules are trained to push them, and it is not an uncommon thing to see a dozen of the animals working in that way. In pushing cars the mule is provided with a heavy breast pad instead of the ordinary harness. The ample time the mules have for reflection does not, however, seem to improve their dispositions, as every mining report contains accounts of men and boys who have been kicked to death or severely injured by them. Owing to the constant teasing of driver boys, mules occasionally become so savage that they cannot be approached at all.—*Miners' Journal.*

Several Mexicans were in camp at the mouth of Memphis creek, Utah Territory, and were lying about the fire, when one of them, Telestoro Cruces, saw a large centipede, fully nine inches long, traveling over his leg. Knowing that the least motion would make it sink its deadly claws into his skin, without moving his leg he got out his revolver and waited until the beast had almost reached his knee, when, slowly putting the mouth of pistol to its head, he pulled the trigger and the centipede was gone. But a centipede's claws are quicker than gunpowder, and Cruces began to cramp in a few minutes, the track of the reptile along his leg turned a brownish yellow, and the place where it was killed swelled up frightfully. Cruces rapidly grew worse, and a little over four hours afterward died in great agony. But the most singular part of the story is that the bullet from Cruces' pistol cut a small nick in the fore leg of a mule that was tethered near by, and at daylight next morning the mule was also dead, with the leg so swollen that the skin had burst in several places.

The New York *Times* prints a two column statement of Frank Dixon, brother of the Yazoo victim, giving the origin and details of the difficulty, which he offered to corroborate under oath. He said there was not the least doubt in his mind that his brother was murdered by order of the Democratic Committee, and he knows that the chairman of the Committee planned the assassination. Barksdale proved a willing tool and was selected to commit the deed. Had he refused or failed there were forty or fifty others who would have done it. He says, further, that other plans of assassination had been made, but none had proved successful.

Calif Pop
Misc

MINING REVIEW.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

C. W. Crane, Room 3, Safe Deposit Building, has been appointed Agent for the LAKE MINING REVIEW in San Francisco. All orders, delivered to him or contracts made for subscriptions or advertising will be recognized by the publishers.

HENRY CLUSKEY, Manager.

COON SKINS.

In an editorial of our contemporary August 23d the following appears:

In its last issue, the *Herald* at the conclusion of an article on the Don Quixote mine, took occasion to offer a suggestion to the various mine owners in Lake district, to wit: that they keep their eyes off the new Mammoth mill, cease waiting and watching to see what that company is going to do, but go to work and vigorously develop their own properties.

While we heartily endorse the above, which may justly apply to the larger companies of our district, who are presumed to have a surplus of working capital with mines sufficiently well developed, showing an abundance of rich ores, we would say a word in defense of our smaller claim owners which may also apply in a measure to the companies referred to. The following anecdote may serve to illustrate the reason we keep our eyes on the mill in anxious expectation of its early completion:

Down in "Arkansaw," there was a woodman who had a celebrated coon dog for sale. A stranger hearing of the fact concluded he would like to purchase such a dog, so he called on the owner to see the animal and addressed him as follows:

Stranger—I learn you have an excellent coon dog for sale?

Owner—Yes, I suppose I have the best coon dog in all Arkansaw.

Stranger—Are there many coons in your neighborhood?

Owner—Yes, there are a good many coons around these parts.

Stranger—Well, I have looked all around and have seen no skins; how is that? You have the best coon dog in the country and on abundance of coons, but no skins!

So it is with our mines. If we want capital to come in we must show coon skins—bullion.

Very little has been made public regarding the production of bullion by the old mill, which probably owing to inefficiency, may not have produced much; or if much bullion has been produced it has been kept secret for reasons better known to the company. Be that as it may, we now have a new mill, complete in every particular, second to no other on this coast of the same capacity, and under the present management we are going to show to the world coon skins—bullion. That we have good mines there is no question of doubt, judging from present developments. Some of the most reliable mining men and experts from the Comstock, in fact, from all portions of the Pacific coast, who have visited our district, express themselves as being highly pleased with the general appearance of our great mineral belt, and in a number of instances have interested themselves by the purchase and bonding of mines.

A number of the smaller claim owners are unable to develop their interests outside of their regular assessment work, and are waiting for the first clean up of the great Mammoth mill, the result of which will no doubt induce capitalists to take hold and assist in the development of what are now designated as the smaller mines. Our contemporary continues: "There is entirely too much dependence here upon what the Mammoth is going to do. Every eye is on the Mammoth mill and every tongue is asking when it is going to start up. To the devil with the Mammoth mill, I say, if we are to depend entirely upon that and its operations to put life into the camp. Let them go to work on other mines. There are the Monte Cristo, True Blue and Don Quixote—all of them much more full of promise than the Mammoth was a year ago."

Now neighbor don't say to the devil with the Mammoth mill. Our expectations will soon be effected; we are going to show to the world coon skins—bullion. Capital will then begin to flow in, our mines will be developed, our hopes will be realized and before many moons, the star of empire will Lake-ward take its course. Our beautiful and prolific country now opened to civilization will be developed into a prosperous mining region second only to the great Comstock.

All hail to our hardy pioneers who have been the means of opening up to the world what is destined to be one of the greatest gold and silver producing districts on this continent. We quote from our contemporary:

Over here, with magnificent ledges staring us in the face, with croppings under our very noses that assay from

\$40 to \$600, with wood at \$3 per cord and water for the asking, with every possible facility for successful mining that nature has given us we sit down on our stern sheets and wonder how much bullion the Mammoth will turn out in a day when the mill starts up, and when the company are going to pay off so that we can get money to pay our whisky bills. We are fast being forced to the conclusion that mine owners here are a set of asses, and do not deserve the good things the good Lord has set before them. They are like the fellow of whom the Bible relates, that being given a certain number of talents, he went and buried them in the ground and then sat down and waited for them to grow, while others to whom an equal number of talents were given (Bodicies, for instance), went vigorously to work and just made those talents get up and double themselves every calendar month.

There never was a more truthful review of our prospects than the lines quoted above. Capitalists seeking mines can find here a profitable field for investment. A word to the wise is sufficient; then come this way and be made happy. If you do, the fickle goddess of fortune will place in your lap the cornucopia of gold and silver. Then bring in your mills, we say. Do not hesitate and you will show to the world something better than coon skins—bullion.

OUR PROSPECTORS.

C. C. Stevenson, of Gold Hill, who recently visited Mammoth City, writes a two-column article on Lake District to his own paper, the *News*, in the course of which he says:

"No doubt other mines will be opened in the district in the near future, but at present very little work is being done there except by the Mammoth Company. Holes are being sunk and tunnels started, but the average Mammoth prospector works only a few hours on croppings, and spends the remainder of his time in showing his specimens to new comers, and telling of their value per ton. When a stranger arrives in Mammoth he is at once 'spotted,' and if he looks at a claim, a town lot, or a mill site, two or three pretended owners go for him at once. Parasites of this kind always infest new camps, but Mammoth has more than her share."

There is, alas! so much truth in this that we do not feel like quarreling with Mr. Stevenson for having said it. —*Herald*

Knowing Mr. C. C. Stevenson as we do, we were somewhat surprised at his statement. We have had considerable experience in mining camps throughout Nevada and California, and we find, on comparison, that Lake District has less idle men and parasites than any other camp within our notice. It is a well known fact that every mining camp has its lamp post supports and parasites—who, like McCumber, are waiting for something to turn up—and are a detriment to its interests and progress. But no camp has ever come into prominence without its unfortunate prospectors. It is a well known fact, that before a prospector sinks a hole in the ground, he has some good reasons for so doing. He takes a look at the lay of the land, and unless well experienced, is apt to make a failure. This is one of the many trials that prospectors are subject to—labor in vain. He starts to sink for a ledge, he is encouraged by the outcroppings of ledge matter; he takes his bearings, makes his calculations, picks out his ground, commences work, investing his little all, and by these chances he hopes to be rewarded for his toil. In the majority of cases, after spending weeks and months of labor, he has to relinquish his claim, and go unrewarded. He then turns to some other locality to begin anew his labors. Thus years roll by one after another, till finally he is located on some barren hill side, or deep ravine, thousands of miles away from the home of his boyhood. It is different with the successful prospector. He has struck a bonanza and is made happy. The dangers and privations he has passed through are forgotten; he thinks of home and friends far away; his heart is light at his future prospects; he starts home to add to the comforts of the dear ones, who have probably mourned him as dead for many years. Thus it is, life in a mining camp is a gamble at which the fortunate win and the unfortunate lose.

Now neighbor don't say to the devil with the Mammoth mill. Our expectations will soon be effected; we are going to show to the world coon skins—bullion. Capital will then begin to flow in, our mines will be developed, our hopes will be realized and before many moons, the star of empire will Lake-ward take its course. Our beautiful and prolific country now opened to civilization will be developed into a prosperous mining region second only to the great Comstock.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Nine Hundred Tons of Silver Dollars.

New York, September 8.—A Washington special says: Nine hundred tons of standard silver dollars are stored in the Treasury. The amount increased last month, notwithstanding the payment of one-tenth of the current expenses of the government in silver. Over \$30,678,000 was stored in the vaults September 1st.

The *Times*' special says: Contractors have been paying their workmen in silver, which, with the amount paid out by the government, has put such an abundance of silver in circulation as to cause some of the most extreme

silver advocates to complain of the overflow.

The *Tribune*'s special says: The Treasury authorities have determined not to receive silver dollars from the National Banks, either on account of the five per cent. redemption funds or any other indebtedness.

GOLD ACCUMULATING IN THE TREASURY.

The Assistant Treasurer here writes the Treasury Department: There has been no change in the movement of gold. It still continues to accumulate in our vaults, whilst the amount of certificates outstanding remains nearly stationary. There is really no demand for gold, and as it is less convenient than notes to handle, not only the annual production but the imports, which are likely to be very large this Fall, will naturally take the same direction.

The Steamer City of Montreal brought to New York to-day \$300,000 in silver. The Germanic brought \$2,012,475, of which \$992,000 was in gold bars and the remainder gold coin.

The steamship Wieland, from Hamburg brought \$1,399,000 in French and German gold coin; the Wesser, from Bremen, brought \$450,000 in foreign coin; the Algeria from Liverpool brought \$1,556,200, and the St Laurent from Havre, \$1,595,000 in specie.

New York, September 9.—Hanlan has agreed to row Courtney here for a purse of \$5,000. He comes here Wednesday to complete the arrangements.

Progress of the Yellow Fever.

MEMPHIS, September 8.—Seventeen new cases in all were reported on Saturday. Total number of new cases reported for the week, 152; whites, 78; colored, 71. Total number to date, 1,005. Total deaths from yellow fever for the week, 43; whites, 33; colored, 10. The Howards have 211 nurses on duty, attending 130 white and 75 colored families.

The Odd Fellows' Special Relief Committee of Memphis call upon the brethren of the Order everywhere for contributions. All contributions should be sent to Marcus Jones, Grand Patriarch of the State and President of the Special Relief Committee, I. O. O. F., Memphis Tennessee.

Eleven new cases were reported yesterday. Eight deaths occurred.

The fever is believed to have reached its climax.

Eight new cases—seven white and one colored—were reported to the Board of Health this morning. Nine interments have been reported since last night.

FOREIGN.

SIDNEY, New South Wales, September 9.—The Exposition opens on the 17th of September. Representatives of all the Austrian colonies, Ceylon, India, Belgium, Japan, Germany, Austria, and France have arrived, together with large quantities of exhibits.

A representative of the Hanlan Rowing Club of Toronto has arrived in Sidney and issued a challenge in behalf of Hanlan to row Trickett for the championship of the world and £2,000 a side. Trickett has signified his willingness to make the match, if he defeats Laycock in the forthcoming match. A meeting of persons interested in aquatics decided to take up the challenge in behalf of either Trickett or Laycock, provided £500 a side be deposited before the 18th. The meeting declined to consider the question of Hanlan's expenses, which Trickett is asked by the challenge to contribute toward.

The farmers who sailed from Liverpool for New York are from northern Yorkshire and Durham. Several can command a capital of from £500 to £600, while others have entered into partnership, and of the group having a capital of £1,200. Those are the sort of immigrants to have, and it is safe to say none of them will ever vote the Democratic ticket.

Severe frosts in Brazil have caused immense injury to growing coffee on highlands.

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 8.—The complete count in the city gives the following result: The Workingmen elect the Mayor, Sheriff, Auditor, Treasurer, Tax Collector, Public Administrator, Surveyor, District Attorney, City and County Attorney Police Judge, one Supervisor, five members of the Board of Education, and a Railroad Commissioner. The City District Republicans elect the Assessor, Recorder, Coroner, County Clerk, Superintendent of Streets, Superintendent of Schools, eleven Supervisors, seven members of the Board of Education and a member of the State Board of Equalization and re-elect Congressman Davis. The Superior

Judges elected are mostly on the tickets of all parties. Some of the officers are elected by majorities so small that it is possible the official count may result in some changes.

It is quite probable that in this city a number of recounts may be demanded. Some of the officers elect have received majorities of less than one hundred, and the figures as at present published differ considerably and do not prove up. Such a discrepancy may be settled by an official count, but the Workingmen profess to believe that there has been some crooked work, which they will unearth by contest.

DIED.

In Mammoth, September 12th, Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Schweiger, aged 20 days.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

J. C. Bunker, of the Monumental Hotel, is the only authorized Agent for the Bodie and Lake Stage Line, to whom all bills are made receivable and payable.

CON. OGG, Proprietor.

J. M. KEALL,

Accountant and Conveyancer,

Office—At John F. Kopp's News Agency.

W. S. LILLEN,

Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor,

Office, Main Street, Mammoth City.

sept11

PIONEER RESTAURANT.

H. E. Prosser, Proprietor.

Mammoth Avenue.

Meals served to order at all times, and at lowest living rates. The table will always be furnished with the best the market affords. Meat Market attached.

KELLY & CORDER,

Furniture Dealers and Upholstery,

Main Street, Mammoth City.

Keep constantly on hand a fine assortment of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

Suitable for the Mammoth City Trade.

PASTURAGE.

Parties wishing pasturage for horses and mules, where there is good feed and water, and fenced in, can be accommodated by applying to Wm. Edwards or Tom Baker.

au301m

LETTER LIST.

The following is the list of letters remaining in the Mammoth City Postoffice, September 6, 1879, which if not called for within thirty days will be sent to the Dead Letter office, Washington, D. C.

MORRIS BURKE, P. M.
Armstrong, R
Arriison, Miss V
Joseph, L G
Bauer, P J
Barker, J A
Bradley, Mike
Blake, E H
Brown, Charles
Brown, Josiah
Blado, Thomas
Blanchard, F
Brown, James
Bequette, H D 2
Brown, Jno H
Buck, E A
Bender, Wm
Burt, H H
Brazilio, Jose
Buchanan, J N
Bowers, Miss L
Coulinaze, Geo
Cole, R
Calvert, E J
Cunningham, F N
Clymer, L L
Cook, E A
Collins, E J
Corbett, Dr S J
Carnahan, R
Covington, W J
Corinson, E
Cohn, J
Campbell, D
Delorey, Jas
Dent, Miss R
Davidson, Mrs Mary E
Danlap & Corder
Danlap, John
Dunn, John
Downey, J H
Dally, Jas 2
Ellis, Mrs B
Elliot, D J
Englehardt, Jno
Evans, Samuel
Elzy, A N
Fleming, J W
Fleury, C L
Fleming, B E 3
Fitch, Geo H 2
Fitzpatrick, J
Gonnen, D
Grotton, M
Grundy, G
Goodwin, G R 3
Grundy, Wm
Gard, E
Galeron, H 2
Gool, Jno
Gilday, Peter
Gat, Elijah
Grant, S S
Hodges, S S
Harrison, D O
Hoprey, J F
Hunter, Mr
Hall, A P
Hutchinson, Mrs
Hawtre, C
Hanson, F F
Houle, Chas
Haller, H T
Hough, Geo A
Inskip, Mrs Sarah
Izatt, Wm
Johnson, Jas
Johnson, G S
June, C L
Johns, John
Jones, Mrs M B
Judd, Stool
Jeans, Chas C

JOHN F. KOPP,

BANKING AND BROKERAGE.

MAMMOTH CITY, CALIFORNIA.

CAPITAL, (Ten Dollars) - - - \$10 00.

Pioneer News Dealer, and the only authorized Agent for the following Nevada and California Newspapers, for Lake District Cal:

LAKE MINING REVIEW,

Bodie Morning News,

Virginia Enterprise,

Virginia Chronicle,

San Francisco Chronicle,

Alta-California,

Daily Morning Call,

San Francisco Bulletin,

Sacramento Record-Union,

Inyo Independent,

Reno Gazette,

Illustrated Graphic.

Also Dealer in

BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY, PERIODICALS, MAGAZINES, CUTLERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, DEEDS, BONDS, BILLS OF SALE, QUIT CLAIM DEEDS, HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, ETC.

NO SHELF-WORN GOODS.

Make your wants known. Orders filled with promptness and dispatch.

GO TO

R. FRED. BROOKS'

NEWS AGENCY

FOR

EVERYTHING.

JAKE ECTERNOCH,

CARPENTER AND JOBBER

Shop on the south side of Main street adjoining the Lewis House.

je17tf

MINERAL PARK RANCH,

Rice & Haus, Proprietors,

Mammoth City, Lake District.

We are prepared to furnish the traveling public first-class accommodation.

The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Connected can be found a good stable and corral with good pasturage. Blacksmith shop adjoining. Also Lager Beer Brewery, where we are prepared to supply the public with the best lager in this market, bottled or in kegs.

LAKE VIEW MINING COMPANY.

Recently organized to operate in Lake District, Mono County, California.

This company are offering a portion of the Capital stock at a low figure for the purpose of erecting a mill. This property embraces four locations, is within 500 feet of the Mammoth mine, and has the same valuable ledge. It shows a width of 20 feet, and will mill from \$100 to \$400 per ton. The company has a mill site of eight acres. The office is 330 Pine street, San Francisco.

SOL. HRYDENFELDT, President.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. P. J. RAGAN,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

(Graduate of Jefferson Medical College. Formerly Resident-Physician St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia.)

Office—Mammoth Avenue, Opposite Monumental Hotel.

DR. JOSEPH LESENE.

Office and Residence at the

Yosemite Drug Store,

(Below Gillson, Barber & Co.)

u9tf Mammoth avenue.

J. H. HARRISON,

Notary Public, Accountant and Conveyancer,

(Deputy District Attorney.)

Office—At R. Fred Brooks' News Agency, Mammoth City.

BEQUETTE & SNEDEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the courts of the State.

Office—Mammoth Avenue, Mammoth City California.

my17tf

WILLIAM O. PARKER,

Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public and Conveyancer,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Collections made and Remitted Promptly, on Reasonable terms.

au30tf

P. A. WAGNER & CO.,

Lower Mammoth Avenue,

MAMMOTH CITY, CAL.

Hardware Merchants,

Dealers in

Crockery,
Tinware,
Glassware,
Wallpaper,
Building Paper,
Window Glass,
Doors,
Lamps,
Powder and Fuse,
Iron and Steel.

Also, Manufacturers of

Tin, Sheetiron and Copperware,

Guns, Pistols and Locks repaired.

All work done to order at the shortest notice. Terms moderate.

au23tf

MINING REVIEW.

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 13, 1879

JONH F. KOPP will hereafter, and until further notice, deliver the LAKE MINING REVIEW to subscribers, make collections and solicit. Subscriptions payable every Monday.

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

By Bodie and Mammoth Stage Line.

ARRIVALS TUESDAY.
Miss L. E. Rutter, R McAphee.
D H Birdsall, J M Hillhouse.

ARRIVALS THURSDAY.
M Haltz, John Young.
W O Willis, Miss Smith.

DEPARTED WEDNESDAY.
Mrs E Grimmer, R F Baldwin.
J N Harrison.

By French's Fresno Flat Saddle Train.

ARRIVED SUNDAY.

C R Beal, G C Mayon.

ARRIVED THURSDAY.

James Lewis.

DEPARTED TUESDAY.

C R Beal, G C Mayon.

Wm Balch.

DEPARTED FRIDAY.

J H Birdsall.

RUMORS OF WAR.

The Indian Scare at Mono Lake.

Mr. S. T. Butts, who has just returned from Mono lake and who is conversant with the facts, gives us the following version of that affair:

"I was at Mono lake Wednesday morning, September 10th. I left there at sunrise. I was told by Mr. Campbell and others that the Indians had collected in large numbers from every direction, and the latter part of last week, Friday or Saturday, the Indians went to Lew Sammon and ordered him to take his stock away from the range where they were grazing. Mr. Sammon refused to comply with their demand, and they then rode into his band of cattle and commenced firing their guns to frighten them away. He of course would not stand this proceeding, and he went and armed himself and sent a shot at the Indians, with what effect is not known, although considered an expert with the rifle. They took heed and scattered, some of them going over to Campbell's ranch and telling the whites that they would kill Sammon. On the following Monday, the 8th instant, a number of the Indians returned to Campbell's ranch, and the report leaked out that they had killed a white man, describing the place as the willows. Mr. Barnes, a United States Deputy Surveyor did not make his appearance last Sunday at King's ranch, as was expected. The whites began to feel uneasy for his safety, when they deputized one of their number to go to where he was expected from, and found he had left on Sunday morning to go to King's, by the way of the Indian camp. As Barnes did not make his appearance on Tuesday, a deputation of two men went to the willows as described, and there discovered blood. They did not care to explore the willows, they being of a large growth, fearing an ambushade, and they returned. When I left Wednesday morning the whites were preparing to make a search for the body of Barnes, they feeling satisfied that he was the victim. It is reported that there was in the neighborhood of three or four hundred Indians, who were in a high state of excitement. Mr. Butts heard nothing of a dead Indian being found as reported by the Herald."

Some measures should be taken for the protection of the settlers, as they are poorly prepared to resist, and fears are entertained of an attack at any time. It is presumed that the band has broken up and scattered from the fact of the numbers who have made their appearance in Mammoth within the last two days.

The Mammoth Mine.

During the past week work on this mine has progressed rapidly. Crosscut No. 7 has advanced 10 feet, making a total of 12 in the ore body. Eighteen feet was added to crosscut No. 6, which is being pushed steadily forward. Bonanza, or tunnel No. 2, is now in 60 feet beyond crosscut No. 7. Thirteen feet has been added to the lower tunnel. The winze of tunnel No. 2 has advanced 10, making a total of 174 feet. On completion of the tramway, or tunnel railway, a full force of men will be employed in the mine, and everything prepared and put in good working order.

Mr. J. H. Birdsall, giant powder agent, arrived by last Tuesday's stage. Mr. Birdsall, though a giant in stature, is meek and harmless as a child. But his explosives are dangerous; they can be heard far and wide every minute of the day doing the good work. This is music to the ear of Mr. Birdsall; at every blast he smiles. He says his firm is liable to go into bankruptcy at the reckless and extravagant use which we are making of his explosives.

Wonderful.

There has been considerable discussion lately as to the best motive power for conveying the ore cars over the new tramway, leading from the Mammoth mine to the mill. Mr. Jeff McClellan, foreman of the mine, has been equal to the emergency, and in his fertile brain the idea has been conceived that electricity might be appropriated for the purpose. A description has been furnished a REVIEW reporter, as follows:

From the mill to the mine will extend a piece of ordinary telegraph wire, which will be charged with electricity by a powerful battery at each end, and which will pass through the body of the ore cars lengthways, and also through the center of two balls, one placed at each end of the cars. The balls will consist of a combination of metals, such as platinum, copper, steel, and some others unknown to any one but the inventor. "And herein," remarked Jeff with emphasis, "lies the whole secret of the invention. The principle of the thing is this: The electric current generated at one end of the wire, will drive the ball to the other end with sufficient force to carry with it several tons burden. There being two generators, one at each end of the wire, operating alternately, the cars are made to run in either direction." The reporter expressed his profound astonishment at this wonderful discourse, whereupon our informant resolved upon convincing us of the truth of his statements by inviting the reporter to proceed with him into the Mammoth mine, and in a remote part of a cross-cut he gave an exhibition of the wonderful invention with the most perfect success. He stated further that it could be used with equal advantage in perpendicular or verticle shafts, and that it would be found an invaluable motor for hotel elevators and the like, from the fact of its being the simplest and the least expensive motive power yet in existence.

Mr. McClellan has applied for a patent, and we are anxiously waiting the time it will be offered more prominently to the public, when its true merits will be made evident to all. We must congratulate our friend Jeff on the immense fortune that shortly awaits him. He is a good man and we know of none more worthy.

Since writing the above the Electric Motor was exhibited to a number of our prominent citizens including Mr. Hardy, Superintendent of the Mammoth mine, Mr. White, Superintendent of construction of Mammoth mill, Charles Morgan, Secretary, F. C. Farnham, Superintendent of the Monte Cristo, A. Caldwell, Superintendent of the True Blue, Jerry McCarthy, J. Hutchison, Morris Burk, Postmaster, James Wales, Justice of the Peace, John Mackay, of Virginia City, C. C. Stevenson, of Gold Hill and Shorty Collins, all of whom expressed themselves as being astonished and highly pleased at the wonderful invention.

THE LEADVILLE MINES.

What Carbonate Ore is—How They Find it—Why Leadville is a Popular District.

First, then, why are the Leadville mines called carbonate mines? Because the precious part of the mineral found in them consists of carbonate of oxide of lead carrying silver. The ore assumes different forms, varying from hard rock to wet sand or mountain dirt. But its nature is substantially the same. Besides lead and silver, it contains iron, silica, traces of potash, soda, etc.; and it is often upon the proportions of these compounds to the carbonate of lead and silver that the values of the ores of the different carbonate mines depends.

Now and then the mineral is found in something like fissure veins, running with sufficient precision to allow of a systematic working based upon scientific calculations. But in most cases it is found to be spread promiscuously between the porphyry and the limestone strata. Not unfrequently ore has been struck above the porphyry, and although at present the limestone is thought to be the bed rock of carbonate ore, it is by no means sure that the ore will not be found by penetrating the limestone. There has not been as yet any necessity for such researches, since paying ore is easily found close to the surface. In many cases it has been found after digging a hole only a few feet deep, and there are but three or four shafts in the whole Leadville district which exceed a depth of 200 feet.

This fact alone accounts for the marvelous popularity of this district, since the Comstock mines, as well as most of the other famous mines, have to be worked at a depth approaching 2500 feet.

MINERAL KING DISTRICT.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Mines There.

From Mr. G. C. Mayon and C. R. Beal who were paying our camp a visit during the past week, we gain the following facts:

Mineral King is about seventy-five miles due south of Mammoth on an air line, and sixty miles east of Visalia. This is destined to be one of the coming camps. The empire, the leading mine of this district, is principally owned by Hon. Tom Fowler, of California Legislative fame, and one of the prominent citizens of Visalia, is taking an active interest in the development of the district. The ore body of the Empire is capped over by a limetstone formation, forming a large cave with numerous chambers beneath, which have been explored to a depth of 300 and a length of between 500 and 600 feet; each chamber the length and breadth showing immense quantities of ore in a continuous ledge of an oxidized character, containing from seven to ten per cent. of lead and assaying from \$50 to \$40.00 per ton in silver, with a small per centage of gold.

In a chamber of this remarkable cave, 150 feet below the surface, the ore body shows a width of 40 feet and from 45 to 50 feet in length. From this chamber you go down an incline to a chamber below, with similar results, and so on down as far as explored to the depth of 300 feet and the full length of the cave.

This company has been incorporated, and Mr. Fowler is said to carry 90,000 shares of the capital stock. There is an abundance of wood and water; the Kaweah river heads in the district at the mines, running down into and through Visalia. Second in importance is the McGinnis mine, also incorporated, who have a shaft down about 35 feet. The incorporators have set aside 30,000 shares of the capital stock, which is held at \$1 per share, as working capital.

The Black Wolf mine, with a tunnel in 25 feet; expect to strike the ore body on a further distance of 15 feet.

The Chrysal is also coming into favorable notice as a mine showing a good vein and assaying \$117 per ton, some of which has been worked, bringing in returns of \$103 per ton.

A toll road has been built at an expense of \$40,000, from the mines, 25 miles in length, and connecting with the county road to Visalia.

The Empire company have in course of erection a 15-stamp mill, to be provided with eight combination pans and four settlers. They are also constructing a Holiday wire tramway from the mine to the mill, a distance of about one mile. The town is rapidly building up and at present numbers about 500 inhabitants.

For first-class job printing go to the REVIEW office. Orders attended to with promptness and dispatch.

Personal.

Mr. M. D. Wheeler, assayer and mineralogist, well known throughout Nevada and California, left by last Tuesday morning's stage for Bodie. Mr. Wheeler has been taking a look at our mines and surrounding country, and expresses himself as highly pleased with the general appearance of our camp.

The many friends of Mr. Cluskey, manager of the LAKE REVIEW, will be pleased to hear of his contemplated departure from San Francisco on Monday next, for his home in Mammoth City. Welcome, Henry!

Mr. L. S. Greenlaw, father of Mayo Greenlaw, of R. F. Brooks' news depot, a worthy chip of the old block, and Con Ogg, proprietor of the Mammoth and Bodie stage line, arrived last Thursday by private conveyance.

Mr. W. O. Willis, of the drug firm of Willis & Stewart, arrived in town by last Thursday evening's stage. Wo! Willis, before you St(ew)art.

John Pattie, who has been ill for the past week with rheumatism, returned from Casa Diablo springs last Thursday, where he has been rusticated.

Bart Derham, the gentlemanly agent of the Bodie and Lake Stage Line, has resigned, Mr. J. C. Bunker, of the Monumental Hotel has been appointed in his place. The many friends of Bart will regret to hear of the change, as he has always proved himself gentlemanly and faithful to his trust. In the appointment of J. C. Bunker, the stage company have exercised good judgment, and we feel assured he will fill the appointment with due credit, as did his predecessor.

Don't forget the toll road meeting on Monday night next, at Giles' hall, upper Main street. All citizens should attend as this subject is of vital interest to the citizens of Lake district.

LETTER FROM WEST POINT.

We were shown a letter from cadet J. M. Neall at West Point, formerly a law student in the office of Lewis & Deal of Virginia City, and nephew of our fellow townsman J. M. Neall, accountant and conveyancer, dated August 29th, from which we take the following extracts:

"The camp was broken to-day amid some very imposing ceremonies, and we marched to barracks in grand style, with colors flying and breathings of brass bands. The night previous to the breaking up of camp we had a general illumination of camp, which presented a gorgeous spectacle. All the tents were illuminated with blue and red colored lights with various designs upon them.

"It has been the custom heretofore to stop hazing upon the arrival of the hazed class in barracks, but such has not been the case in this instance. You have seen ere this of the dismissal of several for hazing. I am much better contented than when I arrived.

West Point has produced, or turned out many distinguished men, and I hope will continue so to do. I do not mean to apply this to myself, although I hope I may be one of them.

Major General Schofield delivered an address which I will send you, and which after having read you will please forward to ma. It is now time for the call to quarters and I must therefore close."

Yours affectionately,
J. M. NEALL.

We are glad to hear of our young friend's advancement, and sincerely hope the wish of his heart may be gratified in becoming one of the number of distinguished men which have been produced from West Point. Jack is a close student, and from his gentlemanly manner will soon make a set aside 30,000 shares of the capital stock, which is held at \$1 per share, as working capital.

An Amusing Scene in the Drug Store.

The other day a gentlemanly appearing individual entered Willis & Stewart's drug store and presented a prescription over the signature of one of our popular physicians. Morley Stewart, the druggist, immediately proceeded to put it up in accordance with the hieraglyphic directions. When he had finished he handed the minute package to the purchaser with a pleasant:

"Seventy-five cents, please."

The man received the parcel, went down in his pockets, pulled out twenty-five cents, laid it on the counter and started to go out.

"Say, there," said the druggist "you've made a mistake; seventy-five cents."

"All right," was the reply, "twenty-five cents, there it is."

"That's only twenty-five cents," was the rejoinder. "Seventy-five cents I want."

"I tell you there it is, twenty-five cents, there it is," and the man walked toward the door.

The druggist, getting angry, came from behind the counter and tapped the man on the shoulder yelling, "My friend, the price is seventy-five cents."

"What do you take me for," was the response. "I ain't no fool. There's your twenty-five cents on the counter. Twenty-five cents, there it is."

One more attempt was made to explain the difference between the cost and paid price, but it was no use; the stranger repeating "There's your twenty-five cents," left the store.

Then the druggist, using words like stupid blockhead, nuisance, etc., returned to the arms of a crowd of friends in the rear of the store, who were laughing themselves sick over his trouble.

"Why, that's old ——" said they. "He's as deaf as an adder. You're sold this time."

"Well, I don't care," replied Stewart, "I got his two bits and made twenty cents on the prescription anyhow."

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!

Five, ten, fifteen, and thus it is in rapid succession, with almost deafening noise, from morning until night along the line of the new tramway tunnel from mill to mine. The work is being pushed ahead with rapidity, 70 men being engaged thereon. This work is being built in the form of a deep ditch, which will be housed over, forming a tunnel. It is under the supervision of Jeff McClellan, and is rapidly approaching completion.

Subscribe for the LAKE MINING REVIEW. The demand for the REVIEW continues with each publication. Only twenty-five cents for a reliable journal which has been, is, and will continue to be the representative paper of Lake district.

The Bad Man from Bisop Creek.

On Monday last an uncouth individual, who had evidently seen a good deal of tramp life, called at the Delta Saloon and demanded a drink.

"A drink! What on?" interrogated Mr. Wales, as he surveyed the stranger from head to foot.

"I'll d—d soon show you what on if you don't set 'em up pretty darned quick," was the response.

At this unexpected quest, Jim rose to his feet from an easy chair in which he had been reclining, and remarked calmly:

"Keep cool, young man, keep cool!"

But the young man paid no attention to this timely admonition, and striking a threatening attitude, continued:

"I'm a bad man from Bishop Creek. I've killed five men in my day, and I'm thirstin' for blood. I tell yer, the first thing yer know I'll commence a shootin'!"

Jim thought he had listened to that kind of bosh just about long enough, and politely told Mr. Stranger to take a walk that he had no use for him watever. Accompanying his command with a little muscle, he landed the bad man in the middle of the street, in a manner that would have brought tears to the eyes of a Boston policeman. We didn't get the number of the boot Jim wore on the occasion, but we think the man from Bishop Creek won't find much comfort in a sitting posture for a number of weeks. About half an hour later he was heard to enquire for the loan of a six-shooter. He said a mule up town had kicked him and he wanted to get even.

Free Public Lecture.

There will be delivered at Hutchinson's Hall on Sunday evening, Sept. 14, at 7½ p. m., by Mrs. Lena Hutchinson, a free lecture. Subject, "Our Planet. Its Foundation and Destiny." The public are cordially invited by the following committee:

J. P. McFarland,
Geo. W. Rowan,
R. P. Frazer,
Jas. Lowery,
J. W. Rice,
W. W. Barnes,
J. P. Forbes,
N. N. Saylor,
J. H. Shannon,
A. J. Wren,
John Gilson,
James Wales,
J. F. Kopp.

WHAT WE KNOW.

Dr. Regan left for Bridgeport on Friday morning, subpoenaed on the case of Manuel Frates.

Vegetables of all kinds come to our market daily. Potatoes have come down from seven to three cents per pound.

The K. of P. meet every Wednesday evening at their hall, lower Main street, opposite P. A. Wagner & Co.'s hardware store, at 8 p. m.

The San Francisco Bulletin refers to the LAKE REVIEW as the "Morning Record" of Mammoth City, Mono county.

The directions of a letter came to our notice some time ago at Virginia, Miss Nevada A., Nevada City, Nevada County, Nevada, California.

In our next issue of the LAKE REVIEW there will appear a carefully-prepared mining summary.

Jerry McCarthy, Gus Cavanaugh, Bob Delahide and others, returned from the Chiquette gold placer excitement, south of Jackass meadows, on last Wednesday. The gentlemen were not very favorably impressed with the prospects there.

On Thursday evening next a grand social will be given by the Glenn Bros., at Hutchison's hall. No instructions will be given on this occasion and everybody is invited. Ladies, don't overlook this occasion, as a good time is expected.

The man who cuts off his paper because he sees an article in it that touches in a weak spot is like the man that kicked the ground for hurting him when he fell down. The only one injured is himself.

Kit Johnson, of the Yosemite restaurant, has sold his interest to Miss L. E. Rutter of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Courier, well known to the citizens of Mammoth. They desire a continuation of the patronage as heretofore. The table will be supplied with all the market affords.

Mr. J. N. Harrison, hardware dealer and well known to the citizens of Mammoth closed his business and departed for Bodie last Friday. We regret losing Mr. Harrison, who will undoubtedly return in the spring, as he has great faith in the future of Lake district and also interests of no small character here.

The farmers of Bishop Creek, Round Valley and vicinity are harvesting their crops, over which they are highly elated. The returns are larger than for some time past consisting principally of oats, wheat and barley.

Last Sunday one of Nadeau's C. G. F. Co.'s teams came in loaded with 30,000 pounds of freight for the Mammoth company, bringing in the balance of the machinery, such as two pans, one settler, extra pulleys, belts, gearing, etc. The team consisted of eighteen fine animals and three wagons.

We are afraid there are many places in the world to which the Irish weman's definition might apply: "Ard what is government ye ask? It's half a dozen young gentlemen and half a dozen old gentlemen meets and thinks what's best for themselves and then they say what's best for us—and that's government."

Rumor says that a large chest of coin came to our camp last Tuesday, which is to be used in paying off the employees of the Mammoth company.

One of the ornaments of the REVIEW office will be a first-class Gordon job press.

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Any one who takes a paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or another's, whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

2. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

3. If any subscriber order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

4. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, the law holds them responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

5. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

6. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

7. The Postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

How peacefully reposes the oyster in his little trundle bed! As he stretches himself out with his head on the pillow and his feet on the sand, he contents himself with the thought that it is vacation season in the churches, and not until the dreaded R months come will he be summoned to the responsible work of lifting the debts of extravagant parishes.

PLAINING MILLS.

CLEAR LUMBER A SPECIALTY.

We are prepared to furnish surfaced lumber of every description, such as

RUSTIC.

TONGUE & GROOVED
FLOORING, CEILING,
WAINSCOTING AND
MOULDINGS.

Doors Made to Order, Etc., Etc,

W. O. MERITHEW & CO.,
sepiif Rowen's Saw Mills.

CHAMPION STABLES,

Lower Main Street, Mammoth City,

Charles Ball, - - - Proprietor,
(Known as Doc. Benjamin.)

Finest Stables in Lake District. Saddle horses and teams can be had at all times. Horses boarded by the day or week. Hay and Grain at lowest rates. Call and convince yourself.
sepiif

A. KOHNER,

BAKERY AND BEER SALOON,

MAMMOTH CITY.

my31tf

FOUND.

A buckskin colored mare mule, with saddle and collar marks, branded with "N" on right hip, and "H" on shoulder. Came to my ranch about six weeks ago. Owner can have her by proving property and paying all expenses.
W. M. HAMIL,
Birch Creek Ranch, Mono Co. au30-31

MINING REVIEW.

SATURDAY... SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—these swift, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as the weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down;
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the woodbird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stairs;
We hear the sound of their heavy tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love,
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah! let
No envious taint be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the foot of his profession.—The Chiropodist.

A man cares little for his wrongs when getting his funeral rites.

Three feet make a yard, very true; but two feet unmake it mighty quick, provided they are hen's feet.

There is bound to be trouble in this country yet. They are Taunton Massachusetts, and Macon Georgia mad.

The Detroit Free Press says that a man who goes on a steamboat excursion is supposed to be prepared to die, or else be too reckless to care about consequences.

A newly married lady was telling how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love-letters!" "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of them at home in my trunk." Tableau.

"Tell me," said he to the doctor, "tell me frankly, is there any hope?" "Yes, sir, a great deal. The statistics show that one of every hundred affected with your disease recovers." "Well?" "You are the hundredth I have treated for the malady, and I have not cured one of them."

Boyhood is candid, and middle age though it may think the same things, is reticent. "What part," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "of the burial of Sir John Moore do you like best?" He was thoughtful for a moment, and then replied: "Few and shore were the prayers we said."

Preault dined one day with a miserable painter, who gave him to eat a soft-boiled egg and a little vinaigrette, washed down with some Suresnes of a bad year. "We will repeat this little debauch," said his host, folding up his napkin, "whenever you like." "All right," said Preault, glaring at his entertainer with hungry eyes, "suppose we repeat it right now."

"Here we have the great Egyptian wonder, captured in the wilds of South America, with a loss of five thousand men and an expenditure of forty millions of treasure!" exclaimed the showman, shaking his whip in a threatening manner at a stuffed hide in a glass cage. "Don't go too close," said a mother to her son; "it might seize you." "Have no fears, madam, for the safety of your offspring," observed the showman eloquently; "for does not the good book teach us that wonders never seize? Pass rapidly on to the next cage and view the living skeleton, or the man who married his mother-in-law."

Mules are said to be very dull of comprehension, and only part in a very perverted sense of the term. Why, even the word "mule" is considered a synonym for absurd obstinacy. There is one mule in this town that has conclusively proven that he is a good, smart mule. A few days ago this bright specimen trotted up, in a limping way, to Jeff Holbrook's blacksmith shop and deliberately walked into the shop. He seemed to be very uneasy and restless, exhibiting unmistakable signs of pain. The men in the shop were rather taken aback by the mule who thus came into the shop unbridled and loose. At last the mule lifted up one of his legs, and with a gesture of his head, directed the attention of one of the men to his foot. It was then discovered that a nail had worked its way into the flesh, evidently causing the apparent pain. The nail was then drawn out and his muleship, much relieved, trotted off.—Columbus (Ga.) Times.

HOTELS.

J. C. BUNKER. E. H. LANGLEY. T. F. MACVOY.

MONUMENTAL HOTEL.

J. C. Bunker & Co., Proprietors.

The Leading Hotel of Mammoth City. This Hotel is the headquarters of San Francisco and Bodie travel, and is first-class in every respect.

The office of the Bodie Stages is at this house, and the Fresno Flats Saddle Train arrives and departs from our door.

MAMMOTH HOUSE,

Main Street, - Mammoth City.

BOARD BY THE DAY OR MEAL.

The table will be supplied with the very best the market affords, and by courteous attention we hope to receive a share of the public patronage.

THE LAKE HOUSE,

Lower Mammoth Avenue,

T. H. Elliott, - - - Proprietor.

The proprietor respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that the house will be conducted as a

First-Class Country Hotel,

In a manner to meet the approbation of all regular and transient guests.

THE TABLE

Will be supplied with the best substantial and delicacies to be had in this vicinity.

THE ROOMS

Are commodious, clean and pleasantly situated.

FAHY'S HOTEL,

Main street, Mill City, California.

Thos. M. Fahy, - - - Proprietor.

I would respectfully inform the public that I am prepared to accommodate transient and permanent boarders for Year rooms for ladies and families. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Stages stop at the door going and returning.

CONRAD HOTZ,

GENERAL PRODUCE DEALER,

Main street, Mammoth City, California.

ALSO DEALER IN

CIGARS,

TOBACCO,

CANDY,

STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS.

Fresh Butter, Eggs, Vegetables etc., constantly on hand.

FOR A NICE CLEAN SHAVE,

Fashionable Cut of the Hair,

OR A

DELIGHTFUL SHAMPOO,

Call on

GEORGE, THE BARBER,

Removed to McCarthy & Carnike's Building, Main street, Mammoth City, California.

MINERAL PARK RANCH,

Rice & Haus, - - - Proprietors,

Mammoth City, Lake District.

We are prepared to furnish the traveling public first-class accommodations.

The table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Connected can be found a good stable and corral with good pasturage. Blacksmith shop adjoining. Also Lager Beer Brewery, where we are prepared to supply the public with the best lager in this market, bottled or in kegs.

LAKE VIEW MINING COMPANY.

Recently organized to operate in Lake District, Mono County, California.

This company are offering a portion of the Capital stock at a low figure for the purpose of erecting a mill. This property embraces four locations, is within 500 feet of the Mammoth mine, and has the same valuable ledge. It shows a width of 20 feet, and will mill from \$100 to \$400 per ton. The company has a mill site of eight acres. The office is 320 Pine street, San Francisco.

SOL. HEYDENFELDT, President.

SALOONS.

R. CARNIKE.

J. N. CATHY.

MAMMOTH SALOON,

West side of Mammoth Avenue.

McCarthy & Carnike, Proprietors.

Largest and finest establishment in Southern Mono.

THE BAR

Is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars, only.

BILLIARDS.

We have a new and elegant Billiard Table, of the latest and most approved pattern.

CLUB ROOMS.

The Club Rooms connected with this Saloon have been refitted and are worth a visit.

YOSEMITE SALOON,

Mammoth Avenue, Mammoth City,

Giles & Co., - - Proprietors.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

We have recently put an extensive addition to our place, and are now prepared to entertain visitors in a manner suited to the tastes of all who may visit Mammoth.

CLUB AND READING ROOMS.

The room in the rear of the main saloon is elegantly fitted up as a club and music room, and on the upper floor a commodious reading room is provided for the accommodation of our guests.

CHOP STAND.

Adjoining the main saloon, we have a cosy and comfortable restaurant and chop stand.

LEE'S SALOON,

Main Street, Mammoth City, and next door to Vince Higgins' Blacksmith Shop, and one door above the Stage Office.

Finest Brands of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

A FINE

BAGGATELLE TABLE

Forms Part of the Appointments. Drinks and Cigars 12½ Cents.

C. A. LEE, Proprietor.

FREEMAN'S SALOON,

Opposite Monumental Hotel, Mammoth City.

Liquors and Cigars 12½ Cents.

First Class in Every Respect.

This Saloon is Situated in the Central Part of Town, Opposite the Stage Office, and is Complete in all its appointments. Assay Office up stairs.

A. C. FREMAN, Proprietor.

VINCENT HIGGINS,

BLACKSMITH & WAGONMAKER.

Mammoth Avenue, Mammoth City.

Respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing and wagon work in a neat and substantial manner. Mining and mill work done with promptness and dispatch. Horse-shoeing a specialty. Mining tools made to order, and satisfaction guaranteed.

DISSOLUTION

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between L. B. Giles and V. Van Brasen, under the firm name of Giles & Van Brasen, of the Yosemite Saloon, has dissolved by mutual consent. L. B. Giles assumes all indebtedness of said firm.

V. VAN BRASEN, L. B. GILES.

MAMMOTH, August 13, 1879.

BODIE AND LAKE STAGE LINE.

Stages will leave Bodie for

Pine City, Cassa Diabalo and King's Ranch,

Every day, commencing on Tuesday, May 20, 1879, and connecting with the through mail both ways.

Making the Time to Mammoth in Twelve Hours.

Fare to Mammoth, - - - \$12

This is the shortest, quickest and best route to Lake District.

Office—With Cluggage & Co., on Main street, Bodie. H. W. LAWTON, Agent. CON OGG. H. C. BLANCHARD, Superintendent.

P. A. WAGNER & CO.,

Lower Mammoth Avenue,

MAMMOTH CITY, - - - CAL.

Hardware Merchants,

Dealers in

Crockery, Tinware, Glassware, Wallpaper, Building Paper, Window Glass, Doors, Lamps, Powder and Fuse, Iron and Steel.

Also, Manufacturers of

Tin, Sheetiron and Copperware,

Guns, Pistols and Locks repaired.

All work done to order at the shortest notice. Terms moderate.

MERCHANDISE.

R. D. ENRIGHT.

J. F. MAYNE.

ENRIGHT & MAYNE,

Mammoth Avenue, Mammoth.

GENERAL MERCHANTS

And Dealers in

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

CLOTHING,

LADIES' WEAR,

BOOTS AND

SHOES.

The Finest Assortment of

Wines and Liquors

Always on Hand, Wholesale and Retail.

J. R. SIMON.

H. G. SIMON.

J. R. SIMON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

HARDWARE, STEEL, IRON,

CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES,

TOURISTS' OUTFITS,

MINERS' OUTFITS,

DRY GOODS AND

FANCY GOODS.

A SPECIALTY.

Orders promptly attended to. Goods delivered free of charge.

J. R. SIMON & CO. au16tf Main street, Mammoth City.

WENTZ & ALLEN,

Pine City, - - Lake District.

Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

FANCY GOODS,

CROCKERY,

HARDWARE.

At the lowest market Prices. Also

DRUGS, DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.

Orders filled with promptness and dispatch. Give us a call.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

FASHION STABLES,

John Bennett, - - Proprietor.

HAY, FEED AND GRAIN,

AT

REASONABLE RATES.

Saddle Horses can be obtained at any time.

au16tf

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

FEED AND HAY CORRAL.

W. M. HART - - - Proprietor.

Saddle Horses can be had at low rates at any time. Grain and hay at the lowest figures. Give me a call, Mill City, back of Thomas M. Fahy's Hotel.

au16tf

YOSEMITE

Feed, Livery and Sale Stable,

J. N. BECK, Proprietor,

(Adjoining Gillson, Barber & Co.,

MAIN STREET, - - MAMMOTH CITY.

Will keep the best stock in the country, and furnish horses and carriages to all desiring. Pack animals for prospectors and tourists on call. Horses boarded by the day, week or month.

O. P. WILLIS. A. M. STEWART.

WILLIS & STEWART,

APOTHECARIES,

Mammoth Avenue, opposite Postoffice.

Dealers in

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Fancy Soaps, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Feather Dusters, Shoe Brushes, Spectacles, Watches, Hair Brushes, Violin Strings, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Wall Paper, etc.

Choice Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes.

Prescriptions carefully compounded Day and night.

au16tf

O. T. BARBER.

F. B. HESSELL.

GEO. GILLSON.

GILLSON, BARBER & CO.,

BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,

Has opened a First-Class stock of General Merchandise at Lake Mining District, consisting of

MILL AND MINING SUPPLIES,

Hardware, Iron, Steel,

Picks, Handles,

Shovels, Nails,

Anvils, Vices, Etc.,

Coal, Lubricating and

Paint Oils,

Doors, Windows,

Locks and

House Furnishing Goods,

Stoves, Ranges, Tin and

Brittana Ware,

Groceries,

Hams,

Bacon, Etc.

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS AND BAR FIXTURES, ETC.

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, ETC., ETC.

TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET-IRON WORK A SPECIALTY.

AIR-PIPE, SMOKE STACKS, WATER TANKS, ETC., MADE TO ORDER.

Hoping to receive a liberal patronage we guarantee satisfaction.

my22tf

GILLSON, BARBER & CO.

LAKE DISTRICT

—AND—

FREIGHTING.

FRESNO FLATS

SADDLE TRAIN.

THE CERRO GORDO

Leaves Mammoth City Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 A. M. Leaves Fresno Flats same day on